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LINCOLN SHOULDN'T SELL HOTDOGS or
Sometimes But Not Always

1 female, 3 males

Marie Antoinette

Abe Lincoln

Jack Ruby

Lee Harvey Oswald

Washington Post

Electrosleaze TV

(latter two can be doubled by Abe and Marie.)

An historical theme park of some pretension

MARIE: Lincoln shouldn't sell hotdogs.

JACK: Well he's selling em. We have to stand for something, Marie.

MARIE: We didn't have to before. Under Max.

JACK: We did. Just didn't have to make a big deal out of it.

Just by being ourselves we stood for something. You could scope out boss's whatchacallit, motivation then! Max (admiring) was a such a slob.

MARIE: He lost the killer instinct, lost the business and lost me.

JACK: These new managers don't get the art of the operation. We're here to entertain, sure, but it's gotta be historical. You can't make it up for Crissakes.

MARIE: Money is the art of today, Jack. They understand that.

JACK: I never trusted Lincoln. He aint got no pride. You need some freakin pride in yourself! I think half the reason Max gave up was he didn't have the pride left, and plus he was hurt by us and everything when they really put the big takeover screw into high gear, forced us [to] form the union.

Anyways, it knocked him too far down! All of it did.

MARIE: Hey! How about us? How much could we give back? First the hospitalization and then the dental and then the percentage cuts in salary. Do you think he stopped going to the track? Do you think they ever stop going to the track, huh? Or buying whores butter creams and playing golf at Doral? Sacrifice? Give-backs? Don't make me laugh. That's only for the peasants. He's just anyway an old fool, believe me. I had to cut him off. Must've discovered Ovaltine or something; besides, if you don't know what you want, sex won't help either. Hey I was working too hard for what I got from him, believe me! And he gave me less and less as this freakin company gave me less and less...I had him about nuts at the end.

JACK: Yeah, you...have a way of making men lose their heads all right.

LEE: (entering) She lost her own, yes?

MARIE: Daily I do here, this cut-rate Disneyworld. And that's another thing. I used to just leave the head in the basket after the knife ZOOKED down. Now it goes under my wing and I have to comb its crummy plastic hair and everything! Make you puke.

LEE: Max used to like doing it, getting it to look like you.

JACK: On a stool, fat little dumpy Jewish guy dressed Grossingers and looking into that ridiculous head and thinking real real deep--it was a sweet thing to see. He was a sweetheart!

LEE: Sweethearts finish last--when they finish at all. Or the rest of us finish them.

MARIE: Huh! You got it! But Max is history, and this is still a third-rate Disneyworld--fifth-rate more like!

JACK: (miffed) You always can make it better if they let you.

MARIE: HISTORAMA! A division of Allied Entertainment, itself under the monster umbrella of Cosmic Motorways, and that in turn just the latest little fish for Universe Nut and Seed to be swallowing.

Oswald: Well Marie Antoinette, I'll tell you something. Cut the new guys in. Might soften em up. Make em feel POWERFUL!

JACK: You lost credibility. Going around shooting fuckin presidents!

LEE: Uh huh. But I'll tell you, today we really lost credibility, Abe Lincoln and me. At the OK Corral. Wyatt Earp was fired this morning for dressing in

Marie Antoinette's clothes.

MARIE: Mud on my best gown would you believe? And was he so wrong for the Empire look!

LEE: It was the wrong look for the OK Corral leastwise. Next the pope'll be in there.

JACK: I'd never believe it of him. Him of all people!

Real m--[an]

MARIE: Shit, I'd believe it of anybody. We should have one day every year for men to do it. Especially the real ones.

JACK: That'd be something. That'd be one hell of a something! How you come up with such ideas?

MARIE: Student of inhuman nature.

LEE: And so Lincoln got to be Wyatt Earp--no time for change of clothes for him though. There he was in his stovepipe hat blasting cowboys left and right.

MARIE: Who were you?

LEE: I just went in and fuckin fired away! I don't know what stupid cowboy, or Legend of the West! I'm was supposed to be.

JACK: You're kidding.

LEE: Hell Regan didn't know who the hell he was supposed to be half the time.

JACK: You never know in this fuckin country when you're in a movie. They ought to tell you.

MARIE: Where'd the fun be in that? Better not to know--makes you think you're getting away with something.

LEE: Well Lincoln didn't, because then he had to hump ass to the hot dog stand and let the kid go to football practice.

LINCOLN: (entering) Keeps my metabolism up!

JACK: You're too good a sport. I keep telling you that. I did. And now we got a whatchacallit, crisis, on our hands.

MARIE: Lincoln got mustard on his.

LEE: Hey it's all little kids and strung-out parents anyway. The gunfight at the OK's mostly dust, dogshit, and dirt, now as then. You can't make out much of anything going on.

MARIE: They never bring out the dogshit in history.

JACK: The horseshit comes through all right.

LEE: Yours does.

JACK: I repeat: YOU LOST CREDIBILITY, Lee HARVEY Oswald! Going around shooting fuckin presidents. I can't get over that. Where's your respect?

LEE: That's pretend. History. It was pretend. I didn't shoot anybody. I don't shoot anybody. That was and is never my way.

LINCOLN: I can't accept that pretend business. I must be Lincoln. Be! You and Jack are so natural in what you do, such artists, but--

JACK: Sure! Listen to him! Make mine well-done! And slap some more mustard on there! You aint paying for it! And I know what they put in those

hotdogs. Don't forget, I used to be in the business.

LEE: You're a hotdog.

JACK: That was the idea back in Dallas. That's the idea now.

MARIE: Was? Is? When? It'd be confusing if I could find a brain around here.

LINCOLN: We're the best we can get. Who else would--?

JACK: Nobody, but we aint half bad at it--when they let us just be ourselves I mean.

LEE: Everything is always. Everybody always fuckin knows that.

MARIE: Like we pretend to be historical characters, yes?

LEE: That's just the half of it.

JACK: Hey! History is bunk anyways.

LEE: History's just a bad blow job, excuse my French.

LINCOLN: History is merely a lantern on the stern. Shows you where you've been.

JACK: Never mind all this coffee-break and asshole intellectual talk! If we don't get together and fight these new owners, they'll fuck us every which way from Sunday.

LEE: Then we'll be history here. That's the way they do it. Borrow from every Jap and Chink and Ay-rab, and when they can't pay back they ax the yours trulies.

JACK: (grimly musing) Lantern...I put mine on my pecker.

Press Conference where the the reporters at desk are interviewed.

WASHINGTON POST and ELECTROSLEAZE TV read signs in front of them. LEE and JACK, in audience, jump up when asking question or commenting, though they screw up this routine at times--wrong guy pops up.

POST: We will answer no questions at this press conferencee.

When called upon please restrict yourself to silence.

JACK: Do you know they're trying to conglomerate us down to the minimum wage?

ELECTROSLEAZE: Keep your pants...up.

LEE: You blew Nixon out of the water, right?

JACK: Both of youse did!

POST: He (shrugs) selfdestructed

LEE: (waving it) Grammar school report card Saint Monicas! Saint Monicas!

POST: Makes YOU a card carrying--!

LEE: Deportment F, Mr Smart Ass Washington Post! Deportment F! And religion, pass.

JACK: Just pass?

POST: It was pass-fail.

ELECTROSLEAZE: I can answer that question!

LEE: What question?

ELECTROSLEAZE: Any one not asked. Questions are too haywire for me-- time constraints you know.

JACK: Uh uh, you just don't wanna answer them cause you're all for the queers and the Republicans!

ELECTROSLEAZE: Is that your question?

LEE: On the fence, one ball on one side and the other on the other, hey Mr Washington Post? Hey?

POST: Untruths!

LEE: So how come you wouldn't endorse the Yalie or the Duke? Neither one.

JACK: Yeah! Explain that one!

POST: The dirty campaign! Without issue.

LEE: They used a rubber.

JACK: Fuck! Everybody does the same thing. Why're they any better?

LEE: Why didn't you report that I tried getting fair pay for Cuba? Your priorities are all screwed up is why. You put shoting JFK on top and fuck everything else, am I right? Am I right?

JACK: Of course you're right.

LEE: Did I ever know you? Back in Big D?

JACK: For us to know and them to find out.

LEE: You're a decent guy. You meet so many seedy fourflushers.

JACK: I'm (sobs) sorry I shot you.

LEE: Easy come--

JACK: I I I I want this man's story out to the public! His whole story. CIA
FBI GE! Heads'll fuckin roll!

ELECTROSLEAZE: Get a sponsor and it's done!

JACK: And I don't believe a word of that Deep Throat shit neither.

POST: I can't reveal my sorcerers.

LEE: Why not? It's all pornography anyway.

JACK: Just how the fuck you think you're anybody, Washington Post?

POST: I am the fourth estate!

JACK: All the rich they got their estates.

ELECTROSLEAZE: (giggles)

LEE: In your opinion giggle-media, or jiggle, or whatever, are you a disgrace
cause you're a fuckin mirror and we just see ourselves?

ELECTROSLEAZE: You see what we want you to see. How could anything be
simpler? But our work isn't done quite yet. Since the morons we've created
still don't grasp it. There is just no way to make it simple enough.

LEE: It's a challenge--why you always put that word in your want ads. Most
of the time business means how good a cheater are you?

JACK: You made em that way with your TV all the time! The poor
American morons! I got a real sympathy and that's why. You fuckin made us
that way!

LEE: (dreamy) I made a Lazy Susan in an hour.

JACK: How long did it take you?

Overpowering helicopter noise and POST and ELECTROSLEAZE get up, throwing their chairs back, exit slowly while kissing and congratulating each other, stopping to pose for pictures.

(JACK and LEE step on each other questions which they scream again and again while making their way to the stage.)

JACK: Mr Washington Post? (inaudible)?

LEE: ELECTROSLEAZE TV Lady? Ms Lectroslease! (inaudible)?

They answer several times, sporadically, with different intonations and appropriate gestures:

POST: Fuck you!

ELECTROSLEAZE: Fuck you!

(They finally exit as JACK and LEE arrive.)

As lights dim, LEE demonstrates a dance step to slowly comprehending JACK. Finally JACK nods very rapidly, and they tentatively dance side by side until BLACKOUT.